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*Manlius. Capitolinus.*

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# *Manlius Capitolinus.*

## A

# TRAGEDY.

Done from the *French* of

M. *DE LA FOSSE*

Into Blank Verſe.

By Mr. *OZELL.*

This Play was Acted lately at *Paris*, Three-ſcore Nights running.

*LONDON:*

Printed for *W. Mears* at the *Lamb*, and *J. Brown* at the *Black-Swan* without *Temple-Bar*; and *T. Woodward* near the *Inner-Temple-Gate*. 1715.

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# TO THE READER OF *Manlius Capitolinus.*

WHEN the late Earl of *Portland* was Ambassador at the *French* Court this Play of *Manlius Capitolinus* was the Play then in greatest Vogue in

*France*, and was acted threescore Nights running, as I was inform'd by some *English* Gentlemen in that Lord's Retinue; soon after whose Return I set about Translating it, and, to fit it the better to the *English* Taste, have made some few Deviations up and down as I saw Occasion.

I have no more to say, but only that the Author had study'd at *Oxford* some time, and, when he return'd



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home, apply'd himſelf to Dramatick Poeſie, wherein he acquir'd as great a Reputation as any of his Countrymen; and dy'd about two Years ago. His Preface to this Play is as follows, litterally.

" The Subject of this
" Tragedy you will find
" in the 6th Book of *Li-*
" *vy*'s Firſt *Decad*: From
" which excellent Origi-
" nal, I have taken what-
" ever I thought might
" conduce to embelliſh



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" my Performance, and
" have left out what I
" thought I could not
" make ſhine. I likewiſe
" ſtrengthen'd my ſelf
" with the Reading of ſe-
" veral fam'd Conſpira-
" cies ancient and mo-
" dern; and I confeſs I
" have borrow'd a conſi-
" derable deal, chiefly
" from what has been
" written in that kind in
" our Language by a
" learned Abbot ſuffici-
" ently

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" ently known by the Me-
" rit of his Pen.

" Tho' it would be no
" difficult task to baffle
" ſeveral Criticiſms that
" have been made againſt
" this Piece of mine, yet
" I ſhall not ſo far miſpend
" my Time as to go about
" to do it in Form, and
" ſhall only give for An-
" ſwer *The Univerſal Appro-*
" *bation it has met with.*



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# Dramatis Personæ.

## MEN.

Manlius Capitolinus.

Servilius, *his Friend.*

Valerius, *Consul, Father to* Valeria.

Rutilius, *One of the principal Conspirators with* Manlius.

Albinus, *Confident of* Manlius.

## WOMEN.

Valeria, *Wife to* Servilius *and Daughter to* Valerius.

Tullia, *her Confident.*

SCENE *at* Rome, *in the Palace of* Manlius, *Situated on the Capitol.*

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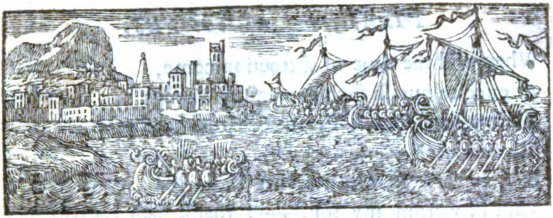

# *Manlius Capitolinus.*

## A TRAGEDY.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Manlius *and* Albinus.

*MANLIUS.*

OF ſuch a Secret, thou, *Albinus*, know'ſt
Th' importance; far too great for Words to paint:
Nor need I preſs thy faithful Lips to Silence:
Thy long-try'd Virtue anſwers for thy Truth.
The ſwelling Indignation of my Breaſt
May ſafely to thy Eyes break forth——Juſt Gods!

When

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When will the time of Execution come,
At once to punifh fuch enormous Wrongs
With which *Rome*'s Tyrant Senators have paid
My Services?——
Bleft be their Enmity that has difcharg'd
Vain Pity from my Soul——I thank their Hatred.
Now without fcruple I can view the Scene
Of my own Grandeur rifing on their Ruin.
So many times defeated of my Profpects,
When I embrac'd the People's Caufe againft them,
I only thought by fhewing them my Power
T' oblige them to a better Temper tow'rd me:
But, after fuch repeated acts of Scorn
At which I blufh to death, my waken'd Fury
Can ne'er begin too foon, nor do too much.
*Manlius* will fhew them, by one vengeful Blow,
To what degree he's fenfible of Contempt,
And how much it concern'd them to fpare nothing
Or to deftroy or gain him.——

*Albin.* But good my Lord, whatever Ardour prompts you,
Is it fure ground of Hope you build upon?
The hot-brain'd, heedlefs, giddy Multitude,
The timorous, the uncertain, flippery People,
Whofe Zeal, at firft impetuous as the Waves,
Drives on, as if 'twou'd bear down all before it,
But breaks it felf on the firm Rock of State.
Wanton with Eafe they hoift up their Protector,
But tremble and abandon him in Danger.
Ev'n You, who on account of num'rous Benefits
Might well have thought them ty'd for ever to you,
When a Dictator's unjuft Tyranny
Had forc'd you to an ignominious Prifon,

Did

Did not his Voice diſſolve their Reſolution?
This very People, tho' for You aſſembled,
Did they not ſhrink with Fear? which of them all
At that time undertook your Cauſe?——

*Manl.* They forc'd at leaſt the Senate to reſtore me,
And, by repenting that they did no more,
Their Zeal increaſes and confirms my Hope.
My Chains by them knock'd off ſhews them their Strength,
And that to put an end to unjuſt Power
The whole Succeſs depends on Perſeverance.
How many proſp'rous Efforts have they made
E'er now, and often without Leaders too?
Do's not the People ſhare the Government?
Are not the Tribunes Creatures of Their Power,
By them ſet up to curb the Conſuls Pride?
Are they not to the higheſt Poſts admitted?
Are not the haughtieſt *Romans* baniſh'd by them?
They mix in Marriage with *Patrician* Families:
The nobleſt Blood in *Rome* is half *Plebeian*:
They claim an equal Part in conquer'd Lands:
Will they not puſh their bold Incroachments further,
When once they're headed by ſome daring Chief
Whoſe Care and Courage will ſupport th' Attempts
To which their enterprizing Genius leads them?

*Albin.* Is it on this Aſſurance then, my Lord,
That you ſo loudly and in ev'ry place
The Senate-laws decry?——
Fear you not, Sir, that ſuch an open Boldneſs
Shou'd give too great a Light to their Suſpicions?

*Manl. Albinus*, No. Their Pride that braves me daily
Thinks all my Spite exhales in vain Diſcourſe.
They know too well that *Manlius* can't diſſemble:

They

They might ſuſpect me if they ſaw me quiet.
'Leſs I diſguiſe, the better I deceive them.
Under this Front, I hide me from their Eyes;
Whilſt thus, preparing all they ought to fear,
I have this Pleaſure, Not to be conſtrain'd.

*Albin.* I've done, my Lord: Your Foreſight is unbounded;
Nor doubt I but your Care will ſtill provide
For all Contingencies. ——
How happily ſo juſt an Aim's foretoken'd!
This Grave of *Gauls*, this awful Capitol,
The Gods *Aſylum* and the *Romans* Safety,
Your ſelf commands; it's Fate is in your Power.
Beſides, what is't we may not hope from Friends
So numerous, zealous, and undaunted; Each
For the ſame Quarrel arm'd?
*Rutilius*, above all, that generous Warrior,
Who by the Senate's rigorous Decrees
Oppreſt, without your timely Aid had periſh'd
In a loath'd Dungeon——
*Servilius* too (an unexpected bleſſing)
We yeſterday receiv'd: with how much Zeal
Does he diſcharge the Duties of a Friend!
Diſtant, and in his Flight from *Rome*, he hears
Some whiſp'rings of the Wrongs the Senate did you;
Swift as his Wiſh he haſtens to his *Manlius*:
In vain *Valeria*'s Love, in vain her Tears,
(Whom he ſo boldly raviſh'd from her Father)
In vain too all his Friends try'd to retard him——
Then what Tranſporting Joys broke from his Heart
When in his Arms he ſaw you ſafe from Danger!
How he'll be charm'd to hear your great Deſigns!

*Manl.* He's yet a Stranger to them, and I mean

This

This Day to lodge the secret in his Breast.
But wou'd you think the sad distrest *Valeria*
With anxious Tenderness his Steps pursuing
Is happily arriv'd in *Rome*, disguis'd,
And comes this Moment here to meet him——
But I must hasten——

*Albin.* I hear a treading——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Consul *Valerius* waits to see you Sir.

*Manl. Valerius*, say'st thou?
What wondrous matter of Concern is it
Obliges him to seek me here?
Does he already know his Daughter's with me! [*Aside.*
Go tell them that they need fear nothing——[*To the Serv,*
And when *Valerius* leaves me, fetch *Rutilius.*

*Enter* Valerius.

*Val.* Lord *Manlius*;
I come to learn what Credit may be giv'n
To a Report injurious to your Honour.
They say, *Servilius* in these Places lurking,
Thinks by your means t' enjoy a safe Asylum,
And dares to sooth himself that you'll protect him
Against my Vengeance——

*Manl.* Yes, Lord *Valerius*, it is true——
He dares to sooth himself in my Protection;
And I shou'd be affronted if he scrupled.
Shall I betray my Friends betray'd by Fortune;
And regulate my Passion and my Vows
By her Caprice?——
Know, I am proof against that vulgar Weakness:
What he has done, you think a dreadful Crime,
Which yet appears not so, if duly weigh'd,

But

But be it as it will, what Law declares
A Criminal to You, is ſo to Me?
*Val.* A Law that in the greateſt Souls is cheriſh'd,
To have no Friend that's dearer than one's Country;
To Sacrifice one's All, to ſave her Rights.
Your Friend has by his Crime wounded the Laws,
And ſo to You as well as Me is guilty.
How long, neglectful of our Jealouſies,
Will you go on to harbour the Obnoxious,
Of every Malecontent t'eſpouſe the Intereſt,
And heap your Favours on the diſaffected,
Whoſe Induſtry it is t' inflame their Country,
In order to ſubject it to themſelves?——
*Manl.* How pray, are your Alarms to be remov'd?
Where lyes the ſecret Reaſon of your Fears?
Ought I to count for Enemies all thoſe
That are offended with the Senate's Violence?
When your rough Uſage irritates the People,
Am I in Fault, by kindly Entertainment,
To heal their Diſcontents?——It is thro' Me
And thro' My Intereſt, that they keep at *Rome*.
You ask how comes it, that one ſingle *Roman*
Induſtrious to take Charge of others Miſeries,
Offers his helpful Hand to all the Wretched?
Is this juſt matter of Complaint, to you?
If 'tis a Virtue to be fear'd in Me,
And if thereby a Confidence is gain'd
Among the People, why am I the Man
Alone, that practiſes this Virtue now?
Why don't you emulate ſo great an Honour?
How happens, none of you, t' avoid Suſpicion,
Endeavours, by the ſame good Offices,

T' acquire

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T' acquire the Title of the People's Friend?
Cannot the Senate sit secure and easie,
But by afflicting, as they do, the Subject?
Is Avarice and Pride and Cruelty
The best Preserver of a Government?
You fear My Interest, yet with quiet Eyes
You see Excess of Power in *Camillus*.
In City, Senate, Army, in all Places
Accumulated Honours crown *Camillus!*
He the sole Arbiter of Peace and War!
His Colleagues, as his Servants, satisfy'd
With a vain Title, lodge the Power in Him,
And seem t' excite his Hope to fix it there.
Whence this Revere for him, and for his Conduct?
*Val.* [*Interrupts.*] Sir, with less Heat——
*Manl.* [*hurries on.*] The routed *Gauls* are to His Arm ascrib'd;
Your *Io Paans* sing of none but Him;
His Name ingrosses all your Songs of Triumph.
Where was this God-like Man, this great Defender,
When *Rome*, laid open to *Barbarian* Rage,
Reeking in Blood, and by the Flames devour'd,
In vain expected his remote Assistance?
What had ye done if the bold *Gaul* had seiz'd
The Capitol, this Seat of all your Gods?
'Twas I, preventing then your fruitless Wishes,
Tumbled the climbing Enemy to Earth.
*Camillus* only Conquer'd after Me,
And beat the *Gauls* that were already beaten.
'Twas I who by that Blow prepar'd his Vict'ry,
(Rather the gleanings of a Victory.)
His numerous Troops were Partners in His Glory;

Mine

Mine was to Me alone, who fought alone.
And yet whilst *Rome*, blind *Rome*, makes Him her Idol;
Her Senate and her Consuls, sav'd by me,
To cruel Death or vile Imprisonment
Blush not to sacrifice their Vindicator;
To their old Grudge to sacrifice the Man
That rescu'd *Rome* and all *Rome*'s Gods!——For this
I'm doom'd to lose the Light, for this expos'd
To all Indignities that stab to Death
The splendor of my Race and Consulary Name.

*Val.* Sir, with less Heat you'd make a better Judgment
Of our Proceedings which to you seem wrongful.
If we conceive no Umbrage at *Camillus*,
'Tis 'cause we see what Spirit animates him,
And that to follow his successful Counsels
Is to obey the Gods that did inspire them.
Are we to be asham'd of that Submission
By which our Glory thrives and Independance?
What other Aim has each true *Roman* Heart?
Which if we gain, imports it by what Hand?
You the same Passion have for *Roman* Glory;
Your Views the same, I'm willing to believe it:
But, to speak freely, is it without Reason
That *Rome*, disquieted, has other Thoughts?
What Meaning cou'd she put on your late Conduct;
The day when summon'd to appear before us,
Your numerous Party and the Senate's seem'd
Two Armies resolute and prepar'd for Fight.
What streams of *Roman* Blood had then been spilt
If to the last the People had espous'd you!
'Twas hop'd your Conduct, taught by that Success,
Wou'd have seal'd up your Doors against th' obnoxious:
But now *Servilius*' Insolence abetting——

*Manl.*

*Manl.* I see him coming toward us. Perhaps,
In hearing him, a softer Sentiment
May take Possession of your Heart. I leave you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Servilius.

*Val.* What wou'd this Traytor have?——

*Ser.* If, Sir, your Presence shakes *Servilius'* Soul,
Too well I know his Sight is hateful to you;
Witness ye Gods, I count it all my Misery,
And come to put an end to't, if but heard
One Moment without Passion——

*Val.* What can'st thou hope from Me, or dare to wish?
Can I or see or hear thee patiently?
Shall I forget the Day, the fatal Day
When to the Altar's foot thy Madness pressing,
Snatch'd from a Bridegroom's Arms and Father's Presence
The best of Daughters till seduc'd by Thee?
What Punishment——

*Serv.* [*Interrupts.*] How cou'd you justly, Sir, reward my Rival
With that dear Blessing, due to none but Me?
For well you knew the Merit of my Claim.
Deign, Sir, to weigh my Reasons and my Glory;
And if that fatal Day yet strikes your Memory,
Think also on that Night, that dismal Night
When in the midst of Slaughter Flame and Tumult
From your despairing Eyes the furious *Gauls*
Were dragging your *Valeria*, and with Irons
Had ev'n prophan'd her Sacred Limbs——
Where was my Rival in that fatal Moment?
He serv'd his Country elsewhere. I serv'd both.
I fought at once for *Rome*, and sav'd *Valeria*;
When, cover'd with the Blood I shed for yours,
I boldly askt the Fruit of my rough Toils,
And was refus'd, (*Servilius* was refus'd!)

My

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My Arm to a raſh Rival did no more
Than what the *Gauls* had ſeen me do before.

*Val.* Think you that acting thus againſt the *Gauls*
Has qualify'd you to preſcribe Me Laws?
Mean you in Them to triumph over Me?
And on my Rights deſtroy'd to found your own?
What am I better for your Services?
By Them I loſt her, and by Thee I loſe her.
In vain my Oath had to another's Vows
Diſpos'd her, whilſt you Conquer from us all,
And treat us as a vanquiſh'd Enemy:
And yet how ill do I deſerve that Name?
If, when I had vow'd *Valeria* to another,
Thy Paſſion croſt might mourn the Diſappointment,
Seem'd it that I deſpis'd *Servilius*' kinſhip
To offer him the Siſter of *Valeria*?

*Ser.* Vain were your Gifts, unwelcome all your Favours:
You took more from me than they e'er cou'd give me.
*Valeria* only had my Heart and Vows:
What was not her was far below my Wiſhes.
But whither does my Raſhneſs hurry me——
My Arguments ſerve only to inflame you:
Wherefore to you alone I'll have recourſe,
Appealing from your Judgment to your Goodneſs.
Your wonted Friendſhip, Sir, I thus implore. [*Kneels.*
The more you find *Servilius* an Offender,
You'll win the greater Glory to forgive.
Your Anceſtry and mine by *Hymen* thus
United, may without a ſtain——

*Val.* Hold, *Servilius*.
One Effort I propoſe, to prove thee real,
Which if perform'd will earn me yet thy Friend.

*Serv.*

*Serv.* What is't I can refuse to such a Prospect?
Speak, my Lord, speak.

*Val.* Thy Birth and Courage
Are such, 'tis true, may make thy Alliance courted;
But 'tis all tainted; and I know thee not
Since Friendship has united thee to *Manlius*,
That insolent Disturber of his Country.
Be, if thou wilt, his faithful Flatterer;
But free my Blood from Crimes and Forfeitures
Wherein his Projects will one Day involve thee.
Resign my Daughter: what thou didst by Force
Freely break off, and suffer a Divorce:
Or better to explain my self, this Moment
*Valeria* chuse or *Manlius* separately:
Nor can'st thou otherwise disarm my Anger.

*Ser.* Take back your Terms: I do not like the Bargain.
If they had shook one Atom of my Heart,
This Sword had punish'd instantly its Weakness.

*Val.* No more; farewel. [*Exit*.

*Ser. Solus.* Barbarity that out-does Hell it self!
Or to betray my Friend or lose *Valeria*!
Neither.
By Ties too strong they to my Heart are held:
What tears them thence must first rend That to Pieces.
Thunder and Light'ning satisfie thy Fury ——
Whatever cruel Bolts it hurls on me ——
But——I see *Valeria* ——
Ye Powers that witness my immortal Flame,
View well this brightest Image of your selves,
And judge if for her sake I've done too much!

*Enter* Valeria.

*Val.* Say, my dear Lord, did you not see my Father?
Did not his cruel Breast incline to Pity?

Does

Does not his free Consent and gracious Pardon
Compleat at last the Wishes of *Valeria*?
But what Disturbance read I on your Brow!
Yet there Misfortunes!

*Ser.* See'st thou this Place within whose glorious Walls
So many Heroes drew their Native Air,
Where the Gods Favour makes their Presence felt,
Whose People, if Heav'ns Voice may be believ'd,
Are one Day to be Masters of the World?
This *Rome*, my Country and thine too, *Valeria*;
We must no more be Sharers in her Fortune;
Banisht for ever from her Sight, and forc'd
To seek our Safety with her Enemies.

*Val.* Too well I understand my best-lov'd Lord;
Nothing can bend m' inexorable Father.
We must by quitting *Rome* avoid his Fury.
And yet I'm not suppriz'd. Ye rig'rous Fates,
A Mortal's Happiness had been too great.
But let us hasten to prevent the Storm
Which his Resentments threaten on our Head.
Let's not provoke him by our further Stay.
Nothing ought now, my Lord, to keep us here.
Whatever Ills Fate has in store for us,
We bear, United! and we flye Together.
No Place is void of Charms to Hearts that love.
Can there be any Pleasure without Pain?
*Manlius*, deliver'd from a cruel Prison,
Has now no more Occasion for your Zeal.
Quit of your Duty to your Friend, henceforth
Let's give our selves entirely to each other.
Come, let us fly a Place that's so ill fated,
Let your Fidelity, convinc'd by mine,
Learn that my Heart finds every where, with You,

It's

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It's Glory, Fortune, Country and its Gods.
*Ser.* Soul of my Life how I adore thy Virtue!
Can Banishment be painful where Thou art?
What Blessing can I want? For thee I feel
A Lover's Flame within a Husband's Breast.
Thy wondrous Beauties kindle in my Soul
An everlasting Sense of fresh Delight:
My Heart, surpriz'd each Day with new Attractions,
Still sees it self beyond its utmost Wishes. [*Exeunt.*

*The End of the First Act.*

ACT

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# ACT II. SCENE I.

Manlius *and* Servilius.

*Manl.* I Don't approve this second Flight, my Friend;
Your Fortune, alter'd, ought to change your Conduct.

*Ser.* What secret Motive makes you thus condemn me?
Think'st thou it is with Pleasure that I leave thee?
That, fixing all my Views to please *Valeria*,
I sacrifice thy Friendship to her Love?
Wou'd the kind Gods unite us three for ever!
But vain Idea! fruitless Expectation!
Thou see'st how quickly by his Pow'r and Credit
*Valerius* here can execute his Vengeance.
In vain, against an interested Senate
Thy officious Care wou'd offer me Protection;
When at a Distance from this partial People
An easie Flight secures me from their Power
Ought I t'engage a generous Friend like you,
Causeless, in Dangers of unhappy Love?

*Manl.* By flying hence, think'st thou to shun thy Fate?
Or where do'st mean to drag a wretched Life?
What Remedy propose? Or whence Relief?
Know ye the Resolutions of the Senate,
How far they've join'd *Valerius'* high Resentments!

*Ser.* I'm wholly ignorant. What is't they've done?

*Man.* The utmost of their Malice.
Their partial Breath this Day, to crown thy Ruin,
Condemns thee to perpetual Banishment.
They spare thy Life to make thee feel the Load on't.
Thy Titles and Estates are all torn from thee.

Thy

Thy Palace, by a thousand Hands demolisht,
To sink for ever in its own Foundation:
Its Treasure of inestimable Value
To fall the Prey of the devouring Soldier.
This is the scope of their Decree against you.
The first that sign'd the Sentence was *Valerius*.
Thus, stript of all, and destitute of Aid,
Think, my *Valerius*, if it will suffice thee
To share with me the Remnant of that Fortune
Which, with my Blood in numerous Battels shed,
I've spent in vain for an ungrateful People.
*Ser.* Inhumane Father, thus thy barbarous Rage,
Falling on me crushes *Valeria* too!
Thro' me *Valeria* wounded! O my Friend!
Thou know'st *Servilius*, what he is in Danger;
Thou know'st if hitherto outragious Fate
E'er forc'd my Courage to the least Abasement:
But when I think who 'tis my adverse Fortune
Exposes to a thousand deadly Hardships;
A Beauty young and constant, a *Valeria*,
Whose Merit can't exact too great Returns,
I'm suddenly disarm'd of all my Firmness——
Pardon, my *Manlius*, this prevailing Weakness,
And in thy friendly Bosom hide my Tears. [*Weeps.*
*Manl.* Tears!——Rather be these treacherous *Romans* drown'd
In their own Blood——
Does thy griev'd injur'd Soul descend to Tears?
A nobler Remedy there is to cure it:
One of those glorious Rights, illustrious Privileges,
Which Men like thee have common with the Gods;
Vengeance, my Friend! my Hand shall second thine:
Our Fate the same; thy Injuries are mine;

'Tis me they aim at in *Servilius*,
And think to humble *Manlius* in *His* Fall.
In the same Ruin let us mingle Those
Who in the same Offence have coupled Us.
Our Virtue calls for Vengeance; we'll not spare
Nor Senators nor Consuls——

*Ser*, What said'st thou, *Manlius?*
In this obscure Discourse thy Voice and Visage
Restore my Soul, methinks, and raise my Hopes.
Thou seem'st to meditate some mighty Project.

*Manl.* Thy Soul conforming in the same Distress
Ought to have understood what mine intended.
Know then, our Tyrant-Senate, massacred,
Shall suddenly resign *Rome*'s Fate to Me.
Brave Friends I have, to head the Enterprize;
Gain'd by whose Cares and mine, the People too
To treat with me *Rutilius* have deputed:
*Rutilius* known for Prudence and Fidelity.
To quicken Time, too slow for my Revenge,
I've sent him Notice to repair with Speed.
All things concur. I've divers Means in view,
Which, without interfering, aid each other.
Yet only one can lead me to my Purpose,
Which, when accomplisht, let thy own Heart judge
How far my Friendship will extend to Thee.
This is the great Design my Soul's in labour with,
On which you ought to build your fairest Hopes.
Not that it blinds me so as to persuade,
That a Caprice of Fortune dares not shake it:
I know too well what sudden Turns she gives.
But is't not better *Rome* see *Manlius* perish
(Thus in the act of doing himself Justice)
Than *Manlius* living passive of their Outrage?

What

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What Death, *Servilius*, would'ſt thou not prefer
To ſuch a Servitude?

*Ser.* Enough, my Friend; thy great and glorious Purpoſe
I hear with Tranſport, and with Joy embrace it.
The Hardſhips of my Life this Fruit produce,
My Sufferings add a Fury to my Zeal.
Give but the word; on which of theſe Ingrates
Shall I firſt throw the Thunder of my Arm?
Shall I at Noon-day break the Senate-Doors,
And with my Clients ſpurn their daſtard Cohorts?
Or whelm their kindled Houſes on their Heads?
Thou ſeeſt me thine, without Reſerve, in all things.

*Manl.* Firſt I'll preſent thee to *Rutilius*:
As he's a Spirit nice and difficult,
An Oath of Secrecy will be required
To which our Friends have ſeverally ſubmitted.
You underſtand, without being caution'd to't,
With ſtricteſt Guard to keep th' important Secret,
Leſt it ſteal thro' your Countenance.——
I ſee *Rutilius*. Let me ſpeak to him.
Do not remove from hence. I'll call you ſoon.

*Enter* Rutilius.

*Manl.* The time is paſt, *Rutilius*, of retreating.
Fortune thus fetter'd by all humane Arts,
May we not ſafely ſet her at Defiance?
No more of Counſel.——Action now take place.
Delays are dangerous in Deſigns like this.
Perhaps with Time, my Foreſight, back'd by yours,
Might ſtill add Means to thoſe already taken:
But when, as now, a Number competent
And equal to the Task can be got ready,
We ought to ſtir and try the Enterprize.
What Time and Place more proper for our Purpoſe?



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The Senate, threat'ning War to the *Circeians*,
Comes to bespeak the Favour of the Gods
By offering Sacrifices in the Capitol.
A Time and Place beyond our Hopes propitious!
A Time when all at once we may destroy 'em!
A Place I'm Master of! The Bridge drawn up
Betrays them to our most licentious Rage.
The Day's not set; but to prepare us for it
'Tis good to fix the People's Sentiments.
We must against the Senate, whom they hate,
By our redoubled Pains excite their Vengeance.
Fear of Suspicion keeps me distant from them.
But on your Cares, my Lord, I place full Hope:
I know the Zeal that in this Cause inspires you
Will every thing suggest that need be said.
Nor is that all: I may believe you know
That Yesterday *Servilius* arriv'd,
From whom my Heart ne'er kept a Secret yet——

*Rut.* [*Starts.*] Ha! *Servilius* privy!

*Man.* What means this Amazement?

*Rut.* 'Tis with Reluctance I explain my Mind;
And fain would stifle, Sir, a secret Scruple,
If your Designs affected none but Me:
But when a mighty People trusts their Fate
To my Dispose, I ought to be afraid
To sacrifice their Weal to private Duties.
I know your Friend; I know what 'tis provokes him.
In aiding Us he may relieve his Fate:
But *Hymen* twists him with a Consul's Blood;
A haughty Consul mark'd by us for Slaughter:
And tho' h' has us'd unprofitable Pains
Till now to soften his obdurate Temper,
Hopeless to effect a Reconciliation,

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Is he so fierce, so full of his Resentment
As to refuse forgetting his Revenge
To the Confession of so great a Secret?
Howe'er well built this Friendship seems between ye,
Is Love less pow'rful? Love the Master-Passion!
What shall I say? Were Chance to raise a question
'Twixt Love and Friendship, and *his* Heart the Judge,
Think you Almighty Love wou'd lose the Cause?

*Man.* To scatter all your Jealousies to Air,
His very Presence will suffice. Approach *Servilius*.

*Ser.* What glorious Fate! What unexpected Fortune
Attends me in these Places! Yes, my Lord,
Leisure begets Relapses. —— Ha!
What means that cloud, that coldness on your Brow?
Am I suspected to you?

*Rut.* Why ask you that? You overheard me then?

*Ser.* I did, my Lord, and far from being offended
I ev'n applaud your wary Diffidence.
I too, like you, reject the Services
Of a too ardent too officious Friend,
Nor will I by an idle frivolous Oath
Make the Gods Sureties of *Servilius*' Word:
That's to a traiterous Heart too weak a tye:
I can secure you by another Method.
I'll place in *Manlius*' Hands to be accountable
The only Blessing envious Fate has left me,
More worth than all the Sceptres of the World.
*Valeria*, Sir, is in this Place retir'd:
She is the Pledge of my Sincerity.
Her I yield Hostage to our common Friend. [*Meaning* Manlius
And still the better to convince me yours,
I plight into your Hands both her and me.

Witness of all my Steps, observe my Conduct,
And if my Loyalty henceforth degenerates,
Take you this Sword and pierce *Valeria*'s Breast,
Pierce it whilst I am by, and tell her thus;
" Her Virtue to Reward and extream Love,
" *Servilius* by my Hands murders *Valeria.*
In the same instant turn on me the Point,
Dig forth this Heart, and let it be expos'd
As of a perjur'd Coward, then thrown out
On th' Dunghill, food for Dogs——
And you my Lord, from me this Message bear [*To* Manl.
To my distressed Love; Let her prepare
To see a Separation for some Days:
Vouchsafe, my Lord, to spare me her Complaints:
Bid her Adieu for me, and Calm her Grief. [*Exit* Manl.

*Rut.* My Doubts have wrong'd you, Sir: I own my Error;
Much satisfy'd to see your Noble Rage;
Nor would I further Proof require, brave Youth,
Were is not needful others to convince
Who may be more Distrustful than my self.
For such the Project is we have in view,
Each singly boasts in vain a faithful Arm,
For he whose Mind misgives him of his Comrade,
Bears but a fluctuating Heart to Danger.
But, penetrated with your mighty Ardour,
I leave you Sir, and give you to your self.
Advise with *Manlius*, chuse with him your Post,
Where you may second our Attempts with vigour,
Whilst I, to make the joyful Day less tardy,
Hasten with greatest Diligence to my Station.

*Ser.* And I, t' avoid superfluous Disquiets,
Will fly *Valeria*, ne'er to see her more.

Fond

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Fond tender Thoughts away! Be banisht Love!
Nor ever near my Breast presume to come!
Revenge shall henceforth take up all it's room. [*Exit.*

*Rut.* [*solus.*] His Speech and Mien sufficiently avow
His Courage great, not capable of Fear;
And yet perhaps 'tis but a sudden flash
Sprung from the quick Resentment of the Heart.
Full of his Vengeance he examines nothing——
But let us hasten and discharge our Part,
Then make a Trial if he comprehend
The Greatness of the Project he's embarkt in.

*The End of the Second Act.*

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

Valeria *and* Tullia.

*Val.* THIS Usage sure will drive me to Distraction;
Nothing can calm the Tempests of my Breast:
How comes *Servilius* thus unseen to leave me!
To send his Farewel by another Hand!
What can this Mystery mean of his Departure?
Exil'd from *Rome*, What can he Meditate?
He comes from seeing *Manlius* and *Rutilius*:
Is it thro' their Advice he shuns *Valeria*,
And fears to trust with her his Heart's Intentions!
But yet some Hope remains, by which I live:
He is with *Manlius* still, as I'm inform'd.
I'll stay his coming forth.

*Tull.* What is't that troubles thus my best-lov'd Mistress?
Fear you so brave magnanimous a Man
Will e'er abandon you to Fortune's Frowns?
Know you so generous a Heart no better?
Dismiss your Fears, unworthy of his Flame.
Your Sufferings are the Pledge of his Adherence.
How can you take such Umbrage at his Faith,
You who this Day so eminently instance
That Fate is impotent where Love is perfect.

*Val.* Thy Reasons, *Tullia*, have condemn'd my Fears:
But scarce my Heart repels their first approach,
When, troubling the Repose it fain wou'd taste,
Fresh Apprehensions rise to shake my Soul.



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I can no longer bear this cruel Torment;
Nor live in Doubt, more terrible than Death.
*Tullia*, before he parts he muſt diſcover——

*Tull.* I hear a Sound. Madam, 'tis he.

*Val.* Leave us.

*Enter* Servilius.

*Ser.* [*to himſelf.*] 'Tis a brave honourable task! Revenge,
Thou ſweeteſt Pleaſure of the Gods, poſſeſs me!
Swell every Nerve with more than humane Strength
That I may tread to dirt this hated Senate!
Ha! [*Seeing* Valeria.

*Val.* Why is my Lord eſtrang'd thus to *Valeria?*

*Ser.* Com'ſt thou with ſad Adieus to rend my Soul,
Redoubling my Diſtraction?——
Think you with Tears to ſhake my Conſtancy?

*Val.* My hopes can never reach that height again:
The Time has been, when, proud of its Submiſſion,
Your Heart has yielded all its Powers to mine,
Pain'd if the leaſt Diſquiet touch'd *Valeria*;
But now Rebellious grown with too much happineſs
Shakes off her Yoke and ſpurns her gentle Sway.
She is abandon'd to a thouſand Terrors,
To drown in Tears and pierce the Heav'n with Cries!

*Ser.* Hold my *Valeria*, e'er my Heartſtrings break!
Is it to Me thy Tenderneſs directs
This hateful charge! *Servilius* thus reproacht
With frozen Love and Marriage-vows forgot!
Can I be deaf to thy Diſtreſs! unmov'd
With Charms like thine! or falſe to ſo much Truth?

*Val.* You're ſo no more; whene'er I hear you ſpeak,



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Your healing Tongue lulls all my doubts to sleep.
Your Look, auspicious, like the Morning-star
Darts away all the Horror of the Night,
And makes new Day within.
Yet, not t'abuse an Easiness like mine,
Give me, my Lord, some Reasons to defend you,
When I may never see or hear you more:
O tell me, e'er you give me up to Misery,
What Care usurps the Empire of your Heart,
Where Love and I should reign?

*Ser.* Ask me no more, *Valeria*; prithee change
The Theme of your Discourse, I cannot hear it.

*Val.* Is then my Lord so fond of Grief and Woe
As to ingross it all? so selfish grown
To Miser up his Cares thus close from me?

*Ser.* In all things else thou art my Best-lov'd Partner;
In this I must be single.

*Val.* I see it moves you: Tell it and be kind:
Burthens grow easy which are born by two.

*Ser.* Press not to know what wou'd destroy thy Quiet
As it does mine, and make me still more Wretched.

*Val.* What can it be where I must have no Share?
You must, you shall impart.

*Ser.* No more, *Valeria*, on thy Life no more.
Tho' o'er my Heart your Sovereignty be large,
There in it lies a Secret deep involv'd
Which I must call my own.

*Val.* A Secret, and *Valeria*'s Faith suspected?
Am I Distrusted? have I been so long
Thy dear Companion, and no better known?
Think me, my Lord, tho' Woman by my Sex,
Yet of no Vulgar Stamp; not one who shakes

When

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When Danger threatens, nor who grows uneasie
Like feeble Souls tormented with a Secret.
I have a Spirit of true Roman Make
Which breathes of Heroe; one which has been taught
The study of a Friend, as such receiv'd
Into your inmost Bosom; long inur'd
To all your Virtues, one whose Heart can act
What yours dare do: Life has no Charms so strong
To make Death dreadful to me. I've a Flame
Experienc'd, generous, like your own; a Firmness
Unshaken in both Fortunes: I can brave
The sharpest Blows of Fate; and with a Mind
Present in Danger can defy my Doom,
Death, Daggers, Poison; all for my *Servilius*.

*Ser.* O my *Valeria*, you have been too kind:
Thou art all Goodness: But this once lay down
Thy uncontroll'd Dominion o'er my Heart:
Cease to demand what never must be granted.
My Glory, like an Isthmus, interposes
And bars our meeting here: My Faith, my Honour
And Duty plead against your Power; the Secrets
Which I conceal are pregnant with Destruction.
But whither do my Spirits stray? Adieu.

*Val.* In vain you fly me; I have fathom'd all:
You meditate Revenge against my Father.

*Ser.* What say you? I?

*Val.* Yes, You my Lord: Else why was your Departure
Defer'd? Your Rage glows in your inward Breast;
Of which that gloomy and ferocious Air
Is a too sure Interpreter.

*Serv.* Hold, or——

*Val.* I must not hold: I know you seek to shun me.

For

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For *Manlius* and *Rutilius*: They are Friends
Above *Valeria*, and for them alone
I am avoided; but if their Designs
Were honourable, why's my Presence fear'd?
If not, why is *Servilius* then concern'd?

*Ser.* [*Aside.*] She strikes me deep.

*Val.* Why all those close Cabals? why all those Arms
Which *Manlius* has amass'd? To fight with whom?

*Ser.* His Enemies.

*Val.* But not his Country's: He himself the greatest!
Hence all the popular Charms to catch the Crowd:
His Smiles his Bows his Cringings and his Gifts;
His paying Debts; then railing at the Senate,
The Consuls, Tribunes, all th' establisht Pow'rs,
Because they mortify'd his growing Pride,
And prison'd him as raging Lions should be.
His Actions since, have shown one Man's too small
A Victim for Revenge: A Hecatomb
Of Senators are destin'd for the Sacrifice.

*Ser.* Ye Gods, what do I hear? our great Design [*Aside.*
Unravell'd? O *Valeria*, by what Fate
Hast thou thus ventur'd on this narrow Sea,
To combat Storms, improvident to shun
Impending Rocks and Shelves which lurk beneath!

*Val.* What Monster would you call that barb'rous Offspring
Who would not plunge the rolling Seas, to snatch
His sinking Father from a cruel Wave?

*Ser.* But think of it no more: For on your Silence
My Life and yours depend: If the least Air
Gets in, the Lamp goes out: Be close and silent,
For thou art here the Hostage of my Faith.

*Val.* I, th' hateful Hostage of a giddy Rage?

Shall

Shall I be silent, and with dumb Consent
Approve my Country's Ruin! I, applaud
The butchering Dagger lifted up to spill
The sacred Blood of Senators! can I
Stand by regardless when I see a Ruffian
Seize my old Father, and with impious Hands
Prophane his reverend Locks?

*Ser.* Cease those soft Tears; is this a *Roman* Heart?

*Val.* Yes, I've a Heart, *Servilius*, which for You
Can meet Misfortune, at no Danger starts,
But trembles for you at so black an Action.
Can you renounce your Glory for Revenge?
Can you with willing Eyes behold the Flames
In which *Rome* burns, pleas'd with the curling Smoke?
Dare you, unkind, to pierce *Valerius*' Heart?
What, tho' this Day his formidable Wrath
Has added the last Weight of Woe to crush us,
Yet Nature still pleads for him: O, *Servilius*,
Say, can you dip your Dagger in that Blood
From whence I drew my own?
Can you do this, and with a patient Ear
Abide the bitter Taunts of *Murderer*,
*Traytor* and *Paricide*? I see it moves you:
Again the *Traytor* and the *Parricide*.
Can that great Heart, so generous and divine,
Stoop to the Meanness of a Massacre?
A Coward's Courage!

*Ser.* Ha! on thy Life, *Valeria*, speak no more,
Nor use your Conquest thus.

*Val.* My Love commands me and I must obey,
It bids me tell you that the sweetest Charms,
Revenge at first proposes, are at last

Imbit-

Imbitter'd, and out-ballanc'd by Remorse,
Too sure Attendant of its black Effects.

*Ser*. Revenge is not my Prospect.
To save my Country is my glorious Aim,
And if that Safety must be gain'd by Blood
'Tis only breathing of a Vein, to heal
The State of its gross Humours——

*Val*. Can you recruit the empty Veins with Blood
Nobler than that you shed? but say, from whom
Wou'd you preserve your Country? Who's your Country?
Are not the Senate, Tribunes, and the Consuls?
Indeed the senseless and capricious Rout,
Headed by giddy *Manlius*, think not so.
What, tho' the Senate has provok'd your Anger,
'Tis far more *Roman* for one Man to bear
The Stings of adverse Fortune, than to see
His Country all in Tears and Flames and Blood.
Yet, my Lord, think not I'll disclose a Secret
On which your Life depends; a Life so dear,
I cou'd forego my own to make it happy.
But if not all my Pray'rs nor Tears can move
Your stubborn Breast; if nothing can disarm
Your fatal Fury, let the Gods be witness
I scorn so low a thing as to survive
My Country and my Father, but with Him
Resolve to perish in the common Ruin. [*Exit*.

*Ser*. [*Alone*] She's gone, and left me in a Labyrinth
Without one Clue to guide my mazy Course.
Wretched Perplexities! O foolish Heart
Which could deny her nothing! how I shook
To hear her plead our Tyrant-Senate's Cause!
Her Eloquence almost unhing'd my Soul

And

And soften'd my rough Hatred into Pity.
Away! Shall I be mov'd? Shall my just Rage
And hot Resentment cool with idle Doubts?
I might ——
But no, 'tis past; thy Doom, ungrateful Senate,
Is fix'd as Fate; one Gulph shall swallow all
In undistinguish'd Ruin.

*Enter* Manlius.

*Man.* I come, my Friend, to tell thee happy News
Which will dilate thy Soul. To Morrow's Sun
Will shine propitious on our brave Designs:
For in this Place the Senate have prepar'd
A pompous Sacrifice.

*Ser.* Nay, then the Gods have been beforehand with us,
And pav'd our way to Glory——

*Man.* But yet, my Lord, *Valeria*'s Sight each Hour,
And in this Place is freely granted to you:
Excuse me if I've ta'en her into Hostage;
By this I cure the Umbrage of *Rutilius.*
Before him only, take heed that to Day——
But see, he comes.

*Enter* Rutilius.

*Rut.* [*Aside.*] Ha! I see *Manlius* with him as I wish'd;
I'll try his Courage.

*Man.* My Lord, you seem transported: Such a Joy
Becomes a Conqueror, when, charg'd with Laurels,
He leads the Captives at his Chariot Wheels.
What hope we from our Friends?

*Rut.*

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*Rut.* All things, my Lord; all things conspire to ruin
This saucy Senate, these imperious Consuls.
O the surprizing Joy! Extatic Pleasure!
When at my Palace-Gates I found my Friends,
Whom I dare trust, glowing and flusht with Zeal
To tell me now was the propitious time
(When all were offering to the Gods) to strike
And at one Blow compleat the bloody Sacrifice:
*Yes, my dear Friends,* I cry'd, *yes, Fellow-Soldiers,*
*Fate has not prov'd a Niggard to your Hopes,*
*But with a liberal hand has answer'd all:*
*The Consulate to Morrow falls for ever.*

*Man.* How stupid were our Ancestors, who thought
To clip Prerogative and Kingly Power
By *Tarquin*'s Death, and then with equal Wisdom
Set up two Idol-Consuls in their stead,
Two Tyrants under a less pompous Name!
And these, to bind the Burden on our Backs,
Chose every Year, new Lords and heavier Chains!

*Rut.* But thus, redoubling their impatient Fury,
I open'd all my Heart, hid nothing from 'em:
I told what Arms prepar'd, what Stratagems
Were form'd, in which some Senators themselves
Had secretly imbark'd; then I mark'd out
What Execution shou'd be done in *Rome*
Whilst you were acting in the *Capitol*:
What Blood be spilt, what Houses burnt and pillag'd:
But chiefly that no tame and sneaking Pity,
Unworthy of their Hearts who follow'd *Manlius*,
Shou'd spare Condition, Sex or Age, which might
In time revenge the Tyrants we destroy;
But snatch the sucking Infant from the Breast,

Stabb

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Stabb the fond Husband and the tender Wife,
And blend their Blood together——
This muſt be done and more——but, Lord *Servilius*,
You tremble and your Countenance is chang'd.

*Ser.* So near accompliſhing our great Deſigns,
'Tis nothing but a Sally of my Joy
Which ſhakes each Nerve about me: Leſſer Signs
Might give Suſpicion that I want a Taſte
To reliſh ſuch a Happineſs——

*Rut.* Excuſe my Error: I proceeded thus:
*Nor can we miſs our Aim: no glimmering Light*
*Has enter'd our Deſigns; 'tis Darkneſs all.*
*Supine they ſleep, and thoughtleſs of their Ruin,*
*Till our loud Thunder rouze their ſlumbering Pride*
*Juſt at the horrid Brink.——Methinks I ſee*
*The circling Flames curl round thoſe lofty Domes,*
*And wheeling Smoke invidiouſly defile*
*Thoſe beauteous Palaces: Thoſe high Tribunals*
*Where Inſolence uſurps the Throne of Juſtice,*
*Whoſe Floors ſo often have been bath'd in Tears*
*Of weeping Innocence, pull'd down and raz'd*
*And crumbled into Duſt*——
Terror and Death ſhall ſtalk thro' every Street;
Tears ſhall be ſhed, enough to make the *Tyber*
Run briny to the Ocean: Groans in vain
In diſmal Ecchoes ſhall be heard: In vain
Shall Cries aſcend the Air: Carnage and Blood
And Slaughter are the only Ways to calm
The Tumult of the State: The Sword's a Salve
To ſtop th'infectious Gangrene, and reſtore
Health to the whole; our Liberty and Peace.

*Man.* Thus then propitious Fortune has at laſt

Led

Led our proud Tyrants to the frightful Brow
Of the steep Precipice.——But say, my Lord,
What can I do to recompence your Cares?

*Rut.* One Boon I beg; but as it near concerns
My Interest, the absence of your Friend
Will give me an Occasion to undress
My naked Sentiments to none but you.

*Ser.* My Lords I leave you. [*Exit.*

*Man.* By what extream good Fortune can I?——

*Rut.* By serving me, you serve your self, my Lord.
You may remember when I first embrac'd
This honourable Cause, how I confirm'd
My forward Zeal with the most solemn Oaths;
I swore that if I had a Brother living,
Tho' born that Moment when I first drew Breath,
Fed with one Milk and nurst with equal Care,
United to me by the strongest Ties,
Our Thoughts our Pleasures and our Pains the same;
I swore that if this Brother, thus belov'd,
Stung with Repentance and unmanly Fear,
Shou'd give me Reason to suspect his Faith,
This Sword that Minute shou'd rip up his Heart,
And shew each Drop of his ignoble Blood.
You prais'd my Sentiment, and all our Friends
Acclaim'd, and seconded the generous Vow.

*Man.* We did so.

*Rut.* Now is the Time to prove that Oath sincere.

*Man.* On whom?

*Rut.* Your Friend *Servilius*: I foretold you of it.
Whilst I declaim'd; how stupidly he stood!
Sad, Thunderstruck, a Statue more than Man!
An ill Assurance in his sullen Eyes



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Too plainly ſpoke him impotent, relenting;
To hear *Rome* flaming, ſtiffen'd him with Fear.
I grant theſe Tokens are not Proof of Guilt,
But in a Doubt like this 'tis ſafer much
To ſlay the Innocent than ſpare the Guilty.
A bare Suſpicion juſtifies the Fact.
*Servilius* here conſented, and in this
Has forfeited his Hoſtage and himſelf:
But if ſome ruling Pity ſpare the Woman,
Let *Her* be ſtraitly guarded; and let *Him*
Who breaks his Oath be ſacrific'd——

*Man.* And dare You do it? You talk thus to *Me*?
What idle Jealouſie diſturbs your Brain?
*Rutilius*, I tell thee, had another
Aſſaſſin'd thus *Servilius*'s bright Honour
With vile Suſpicions, the Arm of *Manlius*
Had ſoon reveng'd th' Aſſault: But well I know
Your Doubt's th' Effect of Caution: Calm your Mind,
Nor wrong my Judgment in the Choice of Friends.
Suſpicion is a ſubtle Fear, and fits
But awkward on *Rutilius*'s Soul. [*Exit.*

*Rut.* In vain you leave me: Still an honeſt Doubt
Gains an aſcendant o'er my Soul; and He
Who ſtakes his Honour in a worthy Cauſe
Should think with Caution, and with Courage act.

## *The End of the Third Act.*

ACT

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Servilius* Solus.

WHere am I? Whither do I wander?——
Torn from my self, abandon'd to Remorse,
Cowardly, base Remorse: In vain my Soul
Calls all her Forces to repair the Breach;
By Fear insulted, widen'd by Despair.
I feel a sudden Change; my Courage droops.
I, who this Morning like the active Sun
Prepar'd to run the vigorous Course of Fame
Flag in the Glorious Race; enervate, impotent,
In the mid-way, I languish. O curst Change!
A horrid Scene is open'd to my View;
Methinks I seem foul, spotted, ugly, black
As deepest Hell. O fly, *Servilius*, fly!
But whither woud'st thy fly? What Place can hide
Thee from thy self? Guilt, like a frightful Ghost,
Will haunt thy Steps. The Flames in which *Rome* burns,
Will flash in Vision: Wouldst thou fly? Thy Friends
Who reckon'd on thy Aid are then deserted:
Nor is thy Country safe: on either Side
Thy Flight is criminal——
No, no, distracted Heart, we must not fly.
To keep thy Oath, all must be sacrific'd,
And to save *Rome*, all, all must be reveal'd.
Shall all be sacrific'd? a shuddering Fear
Benums my Heart, and stagnates every Vein.
Shall I Reveal? That's base, 'tis monstrous base.——
Two adverse Rocks threaten on either Side;

How

How shall I steer this doubtful Course aright?
Too sure to split on which-soe'er I strike.

*Enter* Valeria.

*Val.* Ye Gods, Inspirers of my just Intent,
Continue still to lend Your sovereign Aid! [*Aside.*
My Lord, why shun you thus your best-lov'd Wife?
Has Solitude more Charms than your *Valeria*?
Why thus divided from your self and me?
Have I offended?

*Ser.* Thou hast not, my *Valeria.*

*Val.* I judge the Cause of your Inquietude.
What if this Day, a happy Artifice
Find out a Method to preserve us all,
Your Friends and Country too?

*Ser.* Name it. How?

*Val.* At first indeed it may alarm your Friendship;
But Honour, Duty, Pity authorize it.

*Ser.* Explain your self, thou Charming, Fortunate——

*Val.* By daring to reveal the Plot.

*Val.* Oh! [*Groans.*

*Val.* Not 'till the Senate has assur'd a Pardon
To all the bold Conspirators; nor can
A lesser Price be paid for such a Service,
Which saves them from the frightful Precipice.

*Ser.* What is't I hear? What Monster dost thou think me?

*Val.* No Monster, but a Prodigy of Good,
A Patriot, for your Country's Service born.
I know what Oaths have bound you to your Friends,
And in what Colours they will daub your Fame;
But Oaths by unadvised Rage enjoyn'd

Are

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Are with more Virtue broken than obferv'd.
What? wou'd you rather chufe to blufh to all
Good Patriots, to your Country, to the World,
Than blufh before fome few hot giddy Friends?
Confider, if we fpeak not, *Rome*'s deftroy'd:
If we dare fpeak, what Danger can we fear?
*Rome* is entirely fav'd, and pardons all:
Then when her Streets fhall ring with loud Applaufe,
When every Voice fhall thunder out the Praife
Of her Deliverer, her fecond Founder,
The better *Manlius* of her Capitol,
The little Ecchoes of reproachful Tongues
Shall figh their diftant Malice, and expire.

*Ser.* 'Tis true——but to betray——

*Val.* But to betray, is to preferve your Country.
If not, what Cruelty! what Defolation!
What woful Shipwreck! think that you behold
The ftammering Babe when with imploring Tears
He begs Protection: There a bleeding Mother,
Scap'd from the Cut-throats, with difhevel'd Hair
Shews you between her Arms her infant Son:
Throws her felf proftrate and prevents your Steps.
Is then your Rage fufpended? fee a Soldier
(Inhumane Villain!) ftabs them both at once,
Draws forth his reeking Ponyard for new Slaughter,
While the mixt Blood and Milk from different Wounds
Spurt in your guilty Face.

*Serv.* Immortal Gods, Guardians of *Rome!* her Words
Like Lightning ftrike my Heart and make within
A dreadful flafh of Day——Vanquifh'd by Pity.

Un-

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Ungrateful *Rome!* Thy Safety ow'd to Me
The Object of thy Hate!—— Betray my Friend?
Force him?—— O no, my Heart can never dare it.
*Val.* Have you a Friend that's dearer than *Valeria?*
*Ser.* No; Thou alone art all my Heart can wish:
Nature's too barren to produce a Happiness
That's equal to thy Love: Here let me dwell,
Lean on thy Breast and sigh away my Cares!
Why, ye just Gods, was such a Blessing giv'n
So mixt, so unsincere? Your Joys are great,
But then you clog them with a Chain of Woes.
*Val.* A Chain, my Lord, which may be broke with Ease.
You must, you must at length resolve to do it.
And since it must be known, I have reveal'd
All to the Senate, and obtain'd free Pardons
Upon their word of Honour.
*Ser.* Ha! without my Knowledge? What hast thou undertaken?
O *Jupiter!* O *Pallas!* What Reproaches,
What ignominious Curses are prepar'd
For this devoted Head? Did you not swear
Silence and Secrecy?
*Val.* I did: But still, distrustful of your Friends,
And hopeless to divert your fix'd Resolve,
I took the safest Course; Discover'd All.
I am alone the Object of their Fury:
Cast all the Blame on me.
*Ser.* Fruitless Excuse!
That is to sport with Misery indeed:
First to beguile them to the fatal Snare,
And then insult them with a wicked Smile.
To cast the Blame on *You*, exposes *Me*.
'Tis past retrieve, *Valeria*; shun their Rage:

Fly

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Fly from this dismal Place; the murmuring Storm
Begins to gather Strength, and big with Mischief,
Shall burst its Ruin on no Head but mine.

*Val.* Fear not, my Lord: be close, discover nothing;
Somebody makes this way—— I hear their Steps.
Distrustful Eyes are to be fear'd. Adieu. [*Exit.*

*Ser. solus.*] Distraction!—— in the midst of my Confusion
See *Manlius* appears! With what Assurance
Can I prepare to see his injur'd Face?
If he knows nothing what has pass'd, 'tis well:
He seems intensely thoughtfull——

*Enter* Manlius *frowning and reading.*

*Man.* Know'st thou *Rutilius'* Hand?

*Ser.* I do.

*Man.* Take that and read.

*Ser.* reads.] *You despis'd my Jealousie which was but too well grounded. All is discover'd where I suspected. A Senator, a Friend of ours, has this Moment inform'd me of it. Fly to the* Veii, *whither Fortune guides us. There's nothing left to Comfort us in this Miscarriage but to Sacrifice the Traytor, and thereby deprive him of the benefit of his Treason.*

*Man.* What say'st thou to 't?

*Ser.* Strike. [*Baring his Breast.*

*Man.* How!

*Ser.* You ought to understand me.
I tell thee, Strike; thy Arm can't be mistaken.

*Man.* What say'st thou, Wretch? What Maze distracts thy Senses?
Know'st thou right well what here thou durst declare?

Know'st

*Ser.* Yes: Well I know, by one juſt Blow you may
Pierce this perfidious Breaſt, which here I offer
A Victim to my loſt degenerate Faith.

*Man.* And why do I delay to drench this Ponyard [*Draws.*
In thy falſe Heart? Why muſt my timerous Hand
Still own a Friend in a curſt Villain's Features?
Who? —— Thou! Betray'd by Thee! —— Do I hear right! ——

*Ser.* *Manlius*, 'tis true; perhaps I ought to do it;
And, when more calm, you may have Cauſe to think
That but for me thy Glory had been ſtain'd.
Yet what avails it that *Rome* call me Innocent,
If *Manlius* thinks me Guilty? ——Thus I come
To expiate my Offence—— Strike; I ſhall die
Well pleas'd that by that Stroke my Country's ſav'd,
And thou preſerv'd in Honour and in Life.

*Man.* Thou ſave my Life!———— [*Diſdainfully.*

*Ser.* Yes, and our Friends at once.

*Man.* Thy Friends, falſe Man!——

*Ser.* The Senate has ſubmitted
To ſign their Pardon, and aſſure their Lives.

*Man.* And ſay what Title, what Donation makes
Thee the Diſpoſer of their Fates and mine?
Who told thee Life had ſuch attractive Charms?
What ſhou'd I do with it hereafter? Shall I
Hug my vile Chains and bow beneath the Burthen?
To ſee my ſelf the *Romans* Scorn and Fable,
Hiſt at and hooted? Or perhaps to loſe it
In Miſery and Want, or in a Quarrel
For ſome new treacherous Friend like thee? Ye Gods!
When thus my penetrating Jealouſie

Had with quick foresight fathom'd every Depth
Whence Dangers might arise from prying Foes,
To see at last all ruin'd by a Friend,
By that deluding Mischief, that curst Syren,
That Sorceress *Valeria*!

*Ser.* O wrong her not with such ungentle Names:
Plunge here thy Dagger where 'tis due; but spare
Her Fame: *Valeria*'s Innocent.

*Man.* Thou ly'st Fond wretch, the Poison of her Love
Tainted thy Virtue and betray'd thy Friends:
Base, perjur'd, cowardly, ungenerous *Roman*!
Hence! Born for Slavery, Go Live and Serve;
Embrace thy Shackles, fawn, dissemble, lye,
Bow down thy abject Neck, and kiss the Feet
Of the proud Tyrants when they trample on thee.
Betray thy Friends who labour'd to revenge thee!
I pawn'd, alas! my Faith for thy Sincerity:
When all were jealous of thee, I alone
Engag'd my spotless Honour for thy Truth,
Laugh'd at their Diffidence, withheld their Hands
Uplifted to destroy thee: Credulous Heart!
Had I then yielded to their just Suspicions,
Our brave Designs had prosper'd: Then thy Blood
Had been worth spilling: Now 'twould soil my Hands,
Too vile too cheap to wash away thy guilt.
I leave the Care of my imperfect Vengeance
To thy Remorse———

*Ser. holds him.*] Stay, *Manlius*, stay, and hear me.

*Man. throws him from him,*] Off, Traytor, Slave. [*Exit.*

Servilius *left alone; after some Pause, speaks.*

Shun'd like a horrid Monster!———
Cast from him like a foul infectious Poison!

De-

Detested! Spurn'd! below a crawling Worm!
This to be born! is thus a Soldier us'd!
Thus tamely buffeted! call'd Traytor, Slave!
Coward! Names frightful! never heard before.
And yet I live! Survive this curst Reproach!
Shall I go to him? Shew him what I hate
As much as he? I'm odious to my self.
Can I out-live it? No: The Tomb shall cover
This Infamy and hide it with my Dust. [*Draws his Sword.*
Time was I cou'd have us'd this shining Blade
Against an Enemy, which now I use
Against my self, against *Servilius*,
The Coward-Slave *Servilius*.

*Enter hastily* Albinus.

*Alb.* All's lost, my Lord: Th' Alarum of our Plot
Flies, like a Whirlwind, thro' the Streets of *Rome*:
*Manlius* is seiz'd: This Palace is his Prison.

*Ser.* What says *Albinus*?

*Alb.* Just as his Rage had arm'd his lifted Hand
To act a fatal Vengeance on himself,
Like a fierce Lion eager on his Prey
In rush't *Valerius*, follow'd by his Train,
And brought the Senate's Orders to confine him
To his Apartment, lest the Populace,
Enrag'd to see their noble Favourite led
Forth from the Capitol, shou'd insult the Guards
And rescue the brave Prisoner from their Hands.

*Ser.* Just Heav'n!

*Alb.* His Fate I mean to follow, you'll procure him
What Aid you can, while I inform him of it. [*Exit.*

*Ser.* Yes, I will go and let him underſtand——
But ſee *Valerius.*

*Enter* Valerius.

*Ser.* What is't I hear? *Manlius* confin'd by *You!*
Surpriz'd? Arreſted? Is his Freedom paid
So poorly by *My* Treaſon? Do you thus
Repeal your Mercy? Can you thus repent
Your generous Amneſty deſign'd for *All?*
The Winds, unconſtant as your ſelves, ſhall ſcatter
Your given Word, and mutter to the World
The *Roman* Senate's Falſhood ——
*Val.* I give no Reaſon for their private Orders,
Nor does it much import You to inquire.
You're ſafe, my Lord: They have been wondrous Good;
They grant You Pardon, and reſtore your All;
They bury in Oblivion their Decrees
Againſt you, and reſolve t' inroll in Gold
The Memory of your illuſtrious Zeal
As Sacred in our *Faſti*: This, for them,
I'm order'd to declare; and, for my ſelf,
I here aſſure you that I now renew
A perfect Friendſhip with you; thank the Gods
Whoſe Providence has made, againſt my Will,
Your Marriage with my Daughter, as the ſpring
Of Safety to the *Romans*——
*Ser.* 'Tis falſe: 'Tis what my Soul diſclaims.
Take back your idle, fruitleſs, awkward Friendſhip.
I count it both my Ruin and my Shame.
Hence to your praiſing Senate: Carry back
Their half-accorded Favours: Say beſides,

That

That I deteſt their wond'rous Goodneſs to me.
If they touch *Manlius'* Life: *Manlius* betray'd! [*Groans*
I meant not, in diſcovering his Deſigns,
Either to ſell his Blood or ſpare my own.
What? muſt you reap th' Advantage of my Treachery,
That Treachery which eats my Heart within,
And tears me with Remorſe? muſt *I* have nothing
But the foul Shame? *I* be the only Loſer
Who ſav'd your Empire?

*Val.* My Lord, this Rage is cauſeleſs; pray ſuſpend it:
We now are haſt'ning to decide his Fate;
But be it good or bad, henceforth believe me,
Glory commands you to forſake his Quarrel
And turn your Projects to the Publick Good.
Time preſſes me. Adieu. [*Exit.*

*Ser. alone.* This dark Diſcourſe has bred Diſtraction in me.
And wou'd the Senate falſifie their Word?
Where's Faith and Honour fled?—— Wretch as thou art
Upbraid thy ſelf, for thou haſt loſt them both.
Thou haſt betray'd thy Friends; thy Enemies
Play thy own Game upon thee; hence the Blood
Of *Manlius* flows: Intolerable Thought!
O! racking Pain! Shall I aſſiſt him now?
Shall I abandon him? My Heart ſays, No:
'Tis all the Recompence that I can make
For violated Oaths: Yes, I'll endure
To drag this miſerable Chain of Life
A little longer, to protract *His* Days.
And, whether Fortune ſmiles upon my Cares,
Or cheats me with a Frown, when his Fate's fix'd,
Then will I fall a Victim to my Glory.
I will not bear his Hatred to the Tomb,

But try——See there the Source of all my Pain!

*Enter* Valeria.

*Val.* O my good Lord, I have the tenderest Things,
The sweetest News to tell, will make your Heart
Leap with unusual Joy: My Father's Fierceness
Is turn'd to Mercy All, and Gentleness:
He says he left you in a Frame of Goodness:
And doubtless has —— Ah! Why that angry Frown?
Fear chills my Heart like some unwholsome Damp.
Why see I, when the Tempest is blown o'er,
The Storm retreating to your clouded Brow?

*Ser.* Thou art the Cause of every Wrinkle there.
And durst thou curse me with thy baneful Sight,
Improvident and Thoughtless of thy Danger?

*Val.* What have I done, my Lord, to merit this?
With Bravery beyond my Sex I bore
My Father's Wrath, when my *Servilius* smil'd:
But now my Father's reconcil'd and pleas'd
*Servilius* frowns upon me; 'tis too much
For a weak Woman's Courage!

*Ser.* O whither has thy fatal Tongue reduc'd me?
Where's *Manlius*, say, what hast thou done with him?

*Val.* Has Friendship then more Pow'rful Charms than Love?

*Ser.* Yes, Traitress, yes: Well may you shrink with Fear, [*She trembles.*
And tremble at my Rage, too justly kindl'd.
This had been better weigh'd before you open'd
Those cursed Lips, thou Prodigal of Tongue!
O thou hast sunk the bravest Man alive;

Down

Down to the loweſt Pit of Miſery:
Seiz'd, threaten'd, loaded with diſgraceful Chains!
The ſweeteſt Hope that's left him, is to dye.
Me thou haſt made the Object of his Hatred:
I pawn'd thy Life for Caution of his Safety,
The Pledge of both our Faiths: Thou haſt betray'd him,
Thou haſt ſucceeded for this haughty *Rome.*
But why with idle Talk do I delay
My juſt Revenge? [*He draws his Sword*

*Val.* You need not that my Lord,
An unkind Look and ſuch injurious Speech
Will leave your Sword but little Work. Come, pierce!

*Ser.* I pierce thy Heart! Give me then back my own
Such as I offer'd it to merit thine,
Brave, faithful, generous, fearleſs, truly *Roman*:
But thou haſt made it Cowardly, perfidious——

*Val.* Ah rather let me die than hear ſuch Language;
And if my Blood can anſwer for my Crime,
Still *Manlius'* Murmurs and remove his Hate,
Cut, ſlaſh, and mangle every Part about me:
Were all my Veins ſwell'd with a Sea of Blood,
I'd loſe it all to pleaſe my wrathful Lord.
Here ſacrifice me, ſtrike this humble Victim
(Unhappy to diſpleaſe)——But without Anger:
Death I can bear: Such Looks are worſe than Death.
And as you pierce this Breaſt, O do not hate me.
Pity a Heart which lov'd you ev'n 'till Death,
And only periſh'd by your unkind Hands,
Becauſe I ſav'd my Country and my Father.

*Ser.* I have no Power to hurt thee: thou haſt charm'd me.
[*Dropping his Sword.*
Methinks I ſee the Footſteps of Divinity



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Imprinted in that ſweet Celeſtial Face.
My Rage, diſarm'd, pays Veneration to thee,
Thou tutelary Deity of *Rome* !
But all thoſe Charms which have o'ercome my Soul,
By thy bright Eyes and by thy flowing Tears
Whoſe Eloquence has Pow'r to wreſt the Sword
From out the Hand of Juſtice, ſhow the Woman !
Be whole *Valeria*! uſe thy magick Arts
In Favour of my Friend, while I go plead
His Cauſe e'er Judgment paſſes: Haſte, be quick,
Fly to thy cruel Father, fall before him,
Weep at his Feet and melt him into Pity,
'Till the ſtern Senate their Decree recal;
Let *Manlius* live, or be Confounded All!

[*Exeunt ſeveral Ways.*

## *The End of the Fourth Act.*



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# ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* Manlius *in Chains, and* Albinus.

*Man.* PAtience, *Albinus*? preach it to the Winds,
To flinty Rocks, to a loud roaring Tempest,
To Senators, those hungry Beasts of Prey.
O *Jupiter*, with whom I share my Name,
Is this the Recompence for Service past?
For all the Shrines and Altars which I sav'd
From plund'ring *Brennus*, when these shackled Hands
Thunder'd the *Gaul* from thy *Tarpeian* Hills?
Your General fetter'd like a common Slave?
High Recompence for Blood so often spilt!
Take, take, ye Gods, your meager Virtue back,
Your slender Diet, 'tis too thin to live on.

*Alb.* I dreaded every thing, my Lord, for you,
When I perceiv'd the Senate——

*Man.* Name not that Senate, curst ungrateful Senate,
Now Slumb'ring in Security and Ease,
Mindful no more of th' inauspicious Night
Which wou'd have been their last, more dismal far
Than the black Day of *Allia*, when her Streams
Fled murm'ring back and blush'd with *Roman* Blood.
Then, then, *Albinus*, you remember well,
For You was with me, when the climbing *Gaul*
Had reach'd the Summit by the Gift of Night;
The Senate pray'd, the hoary Infants wept,
Kneel'd at my Feet, and blest me like a God.

Not *Jupiter* himſelf was worſhip'd more.
I pity'd, buckl'd on my ſhining Armour
And dauntleſs lighten'd in the Enemies Face.
Then tumbled from the Precipice headlong
The proud Aſpirers: how was *Manlius* then
Ador'd? was any Name but *Manlius* heard?
*Manlius* had ſav'd the Gods, preſerv'd the Capitol!
O had I periſh'd by ſome *Gallick* Spear
In my ripe Harveſt of compleated Fame
And never ſeen this Day, this foul Diſgrace,
Theſe Manacles, theſe ignominious Chains!
Then flaming *Rome* had been my Funeral Pile
And that high Rock my everlaſting Tomb
The *Mauſoleum* of my dying Valour!

*Alb.* The *Lords* have been appriz'd of this before,
And therefore give you over to the *Tribunes*;
Which wild unſettled Councils ſpeak their Fear.
Not daring to condemn you, and aſham'd
To grant your Pardon, by this cunning Kindneſs,
Th' one ſeems to encourage t' other to forgive you.
This favour, Sir, is owing to *Servilius*.

*Man.* Who? he? muſt I be forc'd to hate him more?

*Alb.* Hold, talk no more of Hatred or of Anger.
Repentance for paſt Crimes is ſure a Virtue;
Not Innocence it ſelf hath half ſuch Charms
If Error can create a Zeal like this.

*Man.* Explain your ſelf.

*All.* Who but *Servilius*, fearleſs of the Frowns
Of an Almighty Senate, durſt oppoſe
Himſelf to all their Wrath and plead your Cauſe?
When the baſe rabble-rout conſtant in Change

Fell

Fell from you, and by that Desertion thought
To prove their Innocence, or buy their Pardon:
When not a Tongue durst wag in your Defence,
Not your own Brothers, fearful to displease;
This noble Friend, this Prodigy of Zeal,
Rose up and with an Eloquence Divine
Touch'd every inmost Passion of the Soul,
Mov'd the Dictator to unwilling Pity,
Who, with extorted Praise, confest your Merit.

*Man.* [*Groans.*] Oh!

*Alb.* [*Goes on.*] Then to improve his Theme, he plac'd before them
Four hundred Citizens by your Estate
Ransom'd from griping Usury and Want,
Sav'd from the horrid Stench of loathsome Goals.
Then he recounted up the numerous Spoils
Won by your Hands from Enemies disarm'd
Or slain in bloody Battles; then he nam'd
What Honours were confer'd, what Gifts receiv'd,
Two Mural Crowns, eight Civic Coronets
Purchas'd in ten Engagements: told them how
Your Blood was spilt a hundred hundred times:
But when he pointed to that sacred Cliff,
How his Eyes lighten'd! how his Colour glow'd!
When in the lively paint of Words he drew
The Landskip of their Late impending Ruin,
All star'd, look'd up affrighted and amaz'd:
Again fierce *Brennus* thunder'd at their Gates,
Again with Horror and Concern they heard
The clanking Armor and the chattering Spears,
New *Gauls* ascend the Rock, another *Manlius*
Must be invok'd to dash their mounting Pride:

Shou'd

Shou'd they condemn their late Deliverer
They dread the Gods avenging Flames, they see
Lightning commission'd Flash, they hear the Thunder
Roll muttering over their ungrateful Heads.
So strong their Fear! so pow'rful was his Voice!

*Man.* Vain Remedy! unprofitable Aid!
What tho' his Zeal might lengthen out my Days,
Can he restore me to my hop'd Design?
Can I love Life when my Revenge is lost?
Yet, yet, I must confess my secret Shame;
Spite of my just Resentments, I find something
Which drags me to him, tho' a faithless Friend.
Whilst with a first indifference I behold
His Industry to save my wretched Hours,
Tho' I disdain his Cares, my Heart still feels
A Charm which touches and disarms my Rage.
But see he comes. *Albinus*, for a while
Withdraw and leave us two together—— [*Exit* Alb.

*Enter* Servilius.

*Man.* Then you pretend in spite of Me, *Servilius*,
To Triumph o'er my Passion; yes, I've heard
With what a boldness you oppose my Fate.
But have a Care, be certain of Success,
Or else you sink Me to the last Dishonour,
Expose me to the haughty Tyrant's Scorn:
*Cossus* will smile, *Camillus* will deride me,
As if I trembl'd, and petition'd Life,
Humbled my self by Proxy to their Wills.
If such a Price you set upon my Friendship

And

And think by these Endeavours to regain it,
Your Labour all is vain, without one test
Which better will convince me of your Truth
Than all your supplicating Rhetoric.
You have been brave——may I this once depend
Upon your Courage?
*Ser.* With grief I see, (what I too well deserve,)
To what sad State my Treachery has brought you:
But sure your Torment's equal to the Pangs
Of an unquiet Mind: if by Repentance
Or Words, or Pray'rs, or Tears I have done ought
To wash that foulest blemish of my Name;
Shew now your usual Kindness, and believe Me
Sincere and true; believe, a shameful Fall
Confirms the Virtue of a Generous Heart.
*Man.* Well then attend.
Bound by the Pardon which they sign'd for Me
This Senate's still enrag'd and thirsts my Blood:
They by a subtil Artifice find means
To touch My Life and keep their Faith with You,
They give my Judgment over to the Tribunes,
And by this Stratagem evade the *Odium*
Of my too certain Death; and, jealous of Me,
One will pronounce what t' other has inspir'd.
Nor will th' uncertain People dare oppose it;
The Tribunes Hand will guide the Senate's blow.
Now where are all thy Hopes, thy fruitless Cares
To save my Life? think you this tricking Senate
Mov'd by your Tongue will suffer me to live?
No, no, *Servilius*, certain is my Death:
How shameful! O the madness of my Breast!

To

To ſee my Enemies triumphant——
In full Poſſeſſion of their humour——
Diſpoſe my Fate and chuſe my Puniſhment——
O torturing Pain! can you behold your Friend
Conclude his glorious Life by Villains Hands?
'Twas you *Servilius* that procur'd the Shame
Of this inglorious Death, you ought to ſave Me
From this Affront——
Obſerv'd, diſarm'd, what can I for my ſelf?
Thou too art left without thy Sword; my Guards
Are bid, admit no Viſitor with Weapons.
But to deceive their Vigilance, we muſt——

*Ser.* I underſtand you, but I ſee *Albinus.*

*Enter* Albinus.

*Alb.* A Tribune, with the utmoſt haſte, is coming
To tell you what has paſs'd; you'll ſee him ſoon:
He now aſcends the Capitol, my Lord.

*Man.* When all is known, what boots this frivolous Care?
'Tis time to do thy Part, [*To* Ser.] Let's uſe the Moments
When he is gone: believe me, without this,
All the faint Luſtre of thy Zeal's no more
To *Manlius* than freſh Affronts---- [*Exe.* Man. *and* Alb.

*Serv.* Go too, I'll ſerve thee ev'n beyond thy Wiſhes.
[*Muſing*] Yes it muſt be----the hateful ſtain with which
My Glory's tarniſh'd muſt be thus effac'd.
But ha! I ſee *Valeria*'s killing Eyes——
Arm thy ſelf, Heart, with Fortitude againſt her,
In this moſt dreadful Moment for my Love.

*Enter*

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*Enter* Valeria.

*Val.* I see the threat'ning Cloud upon your Brow
Prepar'd to burst on *Me:* The quickest Death
Will be most welcome: With a cruel Father
In vain I pleaded for your Friend. My Fears——
*Ser.* I knew it: But at last, *Valeria*
May fear no more th' Effects of my Resentment:
I have bent *Manlius*: My Crime was yours,
And you must share the Pardon I obtain.
I thank your Zeal to save this Friend of mine,
Tho' an obdurate Father makes it fruitless——
Deign to excuse the Transport of my Fury.
And now at length restrain those flowing Tears,
And, with a steddy Constancy of Soul
Attend to my Discourse, and shew a Courage
Worthy of your high Birth——
*Val.* Be it within the Limits of my Power,
Speak it and I obey——
*Ser.* Call then to Mind that miserable Day
When by the Hatred of the cruel Gods
Our Love was kindled first——
*Val.* That *miserable* Day! O Gracious Heaven!
*Ser.* How! what! already dost thou start?
*Val.* Can I without Disorder hear such Language?
So then that Day, the Witness of my Bliss,
Was miserable and by you abhor'd!
When in the Transports of tumultuous Joys
You call'd me all the Happiness you wish'd,
Your Love then styl'd it by a different Name.

*Ser.*

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*Ser.* That Love was ſenſeleſs and regarded nothing
But its own ſelf: Its Blindneſs cou'd not ſee
What Magazines of Miſery the Fates
Had laid in Store for this ill-omen'd Day,
When Love ſhou'd miniſter the poiſon'd Draught.
Happy had been thy Virgin-State, thy Lot
Secure and quiet, hadſt thou never known
This Wretch *Servilius*, never ty'd thy Days
To his curſt rigorous Deſtiny, ne'er ſeen
Thy ſelf reduc'd to live a vagrant Exile,
To bear the Toils of Flight, to ſee theſe Hands
Prompted this Day by my inhumane Rage
To ſpill thy precious Blood——

*Val.* Ha! whither this Diſcourſe! why do my Thoughts
Renew the ſad Remembrance?

*Ser.* You underſtand the Danger of our Friend;
The Tribunes now are ſitting on his Doom
And I proceed to undertake his Cauſe,
But if the croſs Event deceives my Wiſhes,
*Valeria*, be prepar'd without Regret
To loſe the curſed Author of thy Woes;
Adieu—— [*Exit.*

Valeria *alone.*

*Val.* What ſaid he?----What new Thunderbolt is this?——
What cruel Task does he impoſe upon me?——
Am I to be prepar'd to loſe him Now
When all things ſeem propitious to our Love!
What can he mean? To break our Marriage-knot?
To fly me? Or to cut his Thread of Life

With

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With his own Hands?——What will become of me,
Ye Gods?——In vain I fought the fatal Secret:
That dreadful Calm upon his Visage shew'd
A Soul not capable of being shook. Perhaps,
Under a vain Pretence of Calls abroad,
He took his everlasting Leave. O Heav'n!
If it be so, and if I must——
But let us hasten to discover——

*Enter* Tullia.

*Val.* Come, follow me.
*Tul.* Madam, these Guards are posted by your Husband
To stay you here and have an Eye upon you.
Himself gave Order for it, in my Presence,
When in all Diligence *Albinus* came
To tell him that his Master, e'er he parted,
Wish'd to confer with him.
*Val.* O Heav'n! what say'st thou, *Tullia*? How I tremble!
Is their Decree made known——
*Tul.* I cannot learn it yet.
*Cossus*, commission'd from the Tribunes, coming
Just now to *Manlius*, gives us Room to think
He only came t'interrogate the Prisoner.
His Fears suggested, that the People wou'd,
To rescue *Manlius*, wait his coming forth,
And therefore posted Soldiers on the way;
And others soon arriv'd upon his Steps
Who, forming instantly a numerous Guard,
Are now conducting *Manlius* to the Tribunes.
*Servilius*, like a furious Desperado,

Shot

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Shot on a sudden from my Sight, and doubtless
Is hast'ning to embrace his Friend's Defence.

*Val.* He signify'd as much, in going from me.
——What will become of him, if *Manlius* perish!
I tremble at the Thought, and yet being captive
I should expect——No, *Tullia*, I must follow him;
I must within this Palace that retains me
Kindle my Funeral-Pile or ope my way.
But ha! I see *Albinus*: How he looks!

*Enter* Albinus.

*Val. Albinus*, whither run you?

*Alb.* I know not well, my self.

*Val.* Is *Manlius* condemn'd to Death? *Servilius*,
Is he——but speak; without Disguise declare it.
You can say nought but what my Fear has told me.

*Alb.* Alas! I shou'd in vain pretend to hide
That from you which so many Eyes beheld.
Hear then (nor will I deviate from the Truth)
An Effort of a Virtue Great and Cruel.
With Steps precipitate the warm *Servilius*
Reach'd *Manlius*, not far from these high Roofs,
Near that fam'd Place which witness'd to the Victory
He on the Capitol so bravely won,
And which now sees in Presence of the Gods
Their great Defender clogg'd with shameful Chains.
Your Spouse, indignant, shook at the Affront:
But haughty *Manlius*, Master of his Visage,
Turning to those that guarded him, desir'd
One Moment's private Conference with *Servilius*

In

In order to communicate a Secret
Which much concern'd the Senate and the Empire.
Strait those around drew back, nor did they fear
To leave with him a Friend disarm'd, defenceless.
I nearest stood and overheard with Wonder
The Words which *Manlius* resolutely utter'd.
" The thing is done, said he, nor canst thou doubt it.
" The Sentence of my Death is sign'd. A Friend
" Has intimated this Advice, as certain.
" If my Misfortune touches thee, *Servilius*,
" Spare me th' Affront to hear it from their Mouth;
" Thou seest, these ponderous Chains so hamper me
" I scarce can move a Limb: Then prithee aid me
" To yonder Brink and leave the rest to me.
" Let *Rome* at least have this eternal Stain,
" To see me perish where I conquer'd for her.
" Yes, said *Servilius* strait, so just an Action
" Ought to prevent the Horrors of thy Fate:
" But, to preserve thee from that cruel Shame
" Which threatens, and which I'm the fatal Cause of;
" Is not enough. I will, by thy Example,
" Revenge thee fully for the Wrongs I've done ye.
Then quick as Thought he drags him to the Brink:
The Guards cry out, they run; but all in vain.
Both tumbling headlong from the dreadful Heighth
In strict Embraces die: A mournful Instance
Of Fury consecrated into Friendship!
*Val.* Fate, thou hast done thy worst: I now defy thee:
Nor will I longer be thy Hatred's Sport:
Against thy Cruelties, which I foresaw,
I secretly have arm'd my self. This Point, [*Draws a Dagger.*
This

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This favourable Point, in ſpite of Thee,
Shall ſtop thy Rage againſt a wretched Woman.

[*Stabs her ſelf.*

*Tul.* Great Gods! What Fury——

*Val.* Do not pity me——I'm going to the----Object of---my Love. [*Dies.*

*Enter* Valerius. *After looking ſome time on* Valeria *he ſpeaks.*

*Val.* She's gone, and left me nothing but to grieve:
A Father once, now Childleſs and alone.
Surely, ye Gods, you do us wond'rous Wrong,
By ſpinning out our Thread of Life ſo long.
We breed our Chlidren up with Doubts and Fears,
Still hoping better from their riper Years,
To reap the Harveſt which we fondly ſow——
But then you blaſt it with one dreadful Blow.
Oh! my dear Child! my firſt and only Care!
Thy Preſence was the thing I leaſt could ſpare.
——But 'tis too much of Woman, to deplore
What nor our Tears nor Wiſhes can reſtore.
To loſe *Valeria* I can well endure,
Since thus the Liberty of *Rome*'s ſecure:
Nor has kind Providence my Fortunes croſt,
Since for an Empire ſav'd a Daughter's loſt.
——Unhappy Pair!——
As one ye liv'd, you ſhall together burn,
Your Aſhes mingl'd in one common Urn——
——But hence let diſcontented Traitors learn,
Conceit of Merit is a dangerous thing,
Which nothing can reward but *To be King*,

How

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How the Diſturbers of a ſettled State
Are always puniſh'd by ſome ſhameful Fate.
Thus haughty *Manlius* by Ambition dy'd,
Who pleaded Merit to diſguiſe his Pride.
Once, when alive, from the inſulting *Gaul*
His Courage ſav'd th'indanger'd Capitol;
But, now, his Death, from Enemies at home,
Has doubly free'd the Capitol and *Rome*.

*FINIS.*

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